
Title: The path of greed

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Darkness encompassed
the small cave,
covering the smooth
gray walls with its
chill touch. From
somewhere in the
distance, a light
beamed, growing
steadily larger as
those bearing it made
their way deeper into
the recess of the cave.

Men clad in chain,
with swords and
maces hanging from
their belts passed
along the stalagmites
bearing torches of
their own for
illumination. They
traveled behind one
who was set apart, in
the lead as it were
from the rest of them.

To their backs
walked a women
dressed in robes of
white, occasionally
shouting orders to the
fore.

"What's taking so
long? We should
have found the
chamber by now!" She
called ahead with a
tone of impatience.
Grumbles ensued from
the several men before
her while the one at
the point turned to
respond.

"Just a wee spot t' go
m'lady, donna ye
worry. Me n' the
boys be worth our
fold, you'll be seeing."

He yelled back, a grin
evident on his face.
More muttering
commenced as yet the
column pressed on into
the darkness. From
the women in the the
back though, nothing
could be heard as
thoughts raced
through her mind.

It was she who had
conscripted these
mercenaries to aid her
in the task that lay
spread before them.
Unbeknownst to them,
great peril where
awaiting their arrival
and she knew armed
men would abide better
then magic's there. It
was barely a fewdays
past now that she had
read of the tome of
magic's for which she
sought. In that same
place she had foud of
its defenders, golums
of unusual sort that
could resist magic
itself. A dungeon
built by a mage with
a treasure no mage
could resist, or attain,
so her mentors had
warned her. She
would prove them
wrong on that one,
though, or so she
thought to herself.
Mind still pacing
with those ideas, she
barely noticed as
shouts began to arise
from the head of the
troop. Those at the
front stopped suddenly,
causing for several
persons knocking into
each other and a few
drawing weapons.

"What's going on?"
The women shouts,
anger audible in her
voice for the delay.

"M'lady! The boss,
he did trips some
sort o' trap n' fell
int' this er' pit!"

We canna get across."

A warrior replied in
kind as those at the
head of the line peered
into the newly formed
pit to find their dear
commander impaled on
rows of spikes. The
women cursed within
her mind, realizing
now that she was a
fool not to foresee
something as simple
as a pit trap.

Pushing her way to
the front of the line,
she casts a spell,
which thus causes a
wall of stone to
fabricate over the pit.

"Quickly, over it!"

She shouts, running
across the chasm,
followed by the
accompanied dozen or
so mercenaries left.
Soon enough all of
them stop as a door
looms before them,
hewn of oak and of
an indefinite
thickness. Setting a
few of the men to the
great metal handles,
the door creaks to life
and swings open to
reveal to the
assembled party a
relatively unfurnished
room. Unfurnished,
save for the dozens of
glass panes that sit
covered in dust about
the walls. Another
door, adjacent to this
one resided at the
opposite side of the
room. The magus,
seeing this for what
it is, a trap, knows
there is no way
around it. With a

word, they enter into
the room.

As men move towards
the other doors, others
look about themselves
with apparent unease.
Kithyra, setting
herself to instruct
those trying to open
the door now before
them feels the magic's
coming to life about
her. With a shout,
she sees the panels of
glass move in
conjunction with the
door they had just
passed through. A
bolt snaps into place
as a few men raise
weapons in defense,
others trying to open
the door that now has
their escape cut off.
From the other side
of the room, the
groaning of men is
heard as the other
door appears locked
in its place as well.

"Glass golems! Kill
them, kill them
quickly!" She shouts
as glass snaps and
folds about itself to
create three of the
large beasts. No
sooner are they
assembled then they
are set to by the
mercenaries, though.
Battle is quick, for
hammers easily
shatter these
creatures. Yet in
shattering them,
casualties fall as
shards of glass cut
and rend flesh. Fists
of hardened glass deal
their damage as well,
leaving but 7 of the
men standing.
"Hurry up, we have to
push on" Kithyra
yells, and is responded

to with yet more
grumbles. The door
now opens easily
before their combined
strength, allowing
view of another room
more vast then could
be imagined in such a
simple cavern as this.

Torches lay about
the walls, illuminating
and reflecting off of
thousands upon
thousands of gold
coins. Through them
lies a path that leads
to yet another set of
doors, but none save
the mage seems
interested in these.

The men eye the gold
for moments before
setting into the coins,
filling their bags
against the words of
Kathrya. Words of
caution thusly go
unheard as mounds
begin to shake about
them in the room, gold
coins sliding down
their slopes.

Knowing what is
about to happen,
Kathrya darts across
the room to the door,
pulling and tugging
with all her weight
until at last the door
creaks open ever so
slightly. Glancing
back, she sees the
slow slaughter of the
remaining forces by a
horde of golems made
entirely of gold.

Another obvious trap,
she thinks to herself
as she slips into the
last room and slides
the door shut.

Turning about, her
eyes widen
significantly to see
her goal sitting on a
pedestal within the
center of this new

chamber. A book,
large and bearing
many a magic rune on
its cover sits closed,
light shining through
the darkness from
some unseen location
overhead to throw a
look of grandeur upon
it. Greed taking her,
she quickly approaches
the book and throws
it open to gain her
prize. To her
astonishment and
terror, she is greeted
by the sight of a
giant mouth. The
tounge of this
monstrosity slips
itself from the
creature, and before
Kathyra can react,
has itself wrapped
about her torso.
With a jerk, it pulls
her over it and slides
her within the broad
mouth.

Appearing in the
darkness, a figure
garbed in black
cackles as he
closes the book.

"Fools... the only trap
I ever needed was
already given to me
through their greed."